UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Education, The Defense Mechanism of the Blunderer

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XVIII

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A True Memorial Day

Book Reviews

By FREDERICK STARR

VOLUME CIII | NUMBER 15

Chicago, June 10, 1929

a lifetime, and did what he could to make himself over into the likeness of a Republican. It was a great game —and its smashing defeat at the hands of the voters was one of the healthiest things that ever happened in American history. But it was disastrous as well, for it left the Democrats incapable of offering any opposition to the policy of plunder now being triumphantly inaugurated by the Republicans. Once again we are reminded in melancholy fashion that this nation has no political opposition.

The discussion of German reparations, extended over so many weary weeks, has raised again the proposal that America should cancel the European debts. This idea seems to us to be as immoral, as insane, as it did years ago when it was first suggested, and at that time so emphatically repudiated by the people that no politician has dared to peep upon the question since. Uncle Sam is pretty "easy." But the picture of his "holding the bag" for a war which he did not start, and for the consequences of which he is not responsible save as he gave the Allies a victory of arms which they could never have won for themselves, is too "raw" for any but an Anglophile or Francophile to swallow. Yet are there conditions under which we would be willing to see the United States cancel the moneys owed her! The condition, for example, that all German reparations be cancelled as well! Why not? We now know that Germany was not responsible for the War, and that the reparations burden therefore is unjust. These reparations, further, are the start of the money-flow which finally pours into our coffers. Stop it all at the source, and we will not complain! But we have yet to find anybody who favors our cancelling the debts, who is willing to have Germany relieved by so much as one depreciated mark. Or we would gladly see this nation cancel the debts owed her on condition that, for every dollar thus remitted, a dollar be struck off the budget expenditures of our debtors for armies and navies. Here is the greatest bargain-point for reduction of armaments that ever existed in the history of the world. Yet there are those of our citizens who would throw it away in the interest of a merely sentimental gesture. To cancel the debts without conditions would be like unleashing mad and hungry dogs to prey on one another and the world. And in saying this, we are not reflecting upon peoples! We are simply telling the truth about governments, in England, France, Italy, which are as unregenerate as ever they were before the War.

How delightful it was, in New York some days ago, to watch the flight of a great bombing aeroplane over the city, and see it dropping "enough theoretical dynamite," to quote the stories in the newspapers the next day, "to raze the buildings of Governors Island and at least part of the financial district." Every weapon of defense against this bomber was helpless. The plane went wherever it wanted to go, and gave a particularly thrilling exhibition in refueling while in flight above the city, and thus demonstrating, to quote the admiring newspapers again, that it could "thus be saved from a forced landing in enemy territory after releasing its destructive load." It was all a tremendous lark. The press was brimming over with enthusiasm the next day. But it all seemed grim enough to us as we realized that this was what enemy planes might be doing to us, not theoretically but in dead earnest, within a few days, or perhaps a few hours, after the declaration of the next war; or, worse yet, that this was what *our* planes would be doing over some enemy city with its thousands of men, *women,* and CHILDREN. We might as well make up our minds to the fact that our modern flying machines control the air, and that all our elaborate and exceedingly expensive defenses (so-called) are only so much birdshot flung at the steel sides of a battleship. The next two nations that go to war will see their great cities reduced to ashes in a night, and their inhabitants given over to horrors of agony and death infinitely worse than those suffered in that ghastly holocaust at the Cleveland Clinic the other day. The spectacle is beyond words! But it is what all the nations are preparing for, and what is as sure to happen, therefore, in the next war as the rising of the sun tomorrow. We can get only one comfort out of such prospect, and that is that, among the dead and missing on those first days of war, will be the ministers and legislators who consented to hostilities.

We commend to all members of the UNITY family, and to the public generally, a careful reading of a pamphlet entitled "So This Is War!" issued by the Committee on Militarism in Education (387 Bible House, New York). This pamphlet presents the most devastating exposé of military training in our schools and colleges that has ever been published. Its author, Tucker P. Smith, devotes himself to showing up the various methods that are used for popularizing the R. O. T. C. For military training has never been popular in itself. The discipline is irksome, the specific business loathsome, and the ends in view remote. Therefore does it become necessary to "pep" the thing up by various and sundry popularization devices. Chief among these is sex appeal—the deliberate use of the prettiest and most popular girls in our schools and colleges as honorary officers or cadet sponsors of the corps. Here in this pamphlet is an amazing display of first-hand material in the form of pictures, newspaper clippings, etc., showing how girls are dolled up in uniforms, flattered with military titles and medals, and placed on exhibition at parades and drills, all to the

end of stirring in the boys subconscious sex excitement. If there is any such thing as obscenity, this is it! A second popularization device is that of public displays, parades, and reviews. By familiar methods throngs of people are gathered at frequent intervals to watch the R. O. T. C. units "strut their stuff," to quote an elegant journalistic phrase. This is what the psychologists describe as "exhibitionism" of the worst type, and exposes the boys and girls involved to an influence from which it should be the first business of our educational institutions to protect them. A third popularization device is that of sham battles and war games. These affairs fill the air with smoke and all the surrounding neighborhood with noise, and cause the adolescent students all the thrill of excitement that comes to little boys when they play with firecrackers. Still another popularization plan is that of granting prizes, medals, silver cups, and various other so-called "honors." These rewards are always offered in public, with all possible display, and thus give a prestige to the military enjoyed by no other college activity. Lastly, there is the method of providing horses for R. O. T. C. students, and thus giving them all the fun of polo games and other horseback sports. These horses are furnished, fed, and equipped by the Government, and are placed freely at the disposal of military training groups in order that these mounted youth may be the envy and example, and therefore the prize pick, of the student bodies of which they are members. This pamphlet describes all these and other methods of making militarism popular. It shows to what loathsome and inane lengths our military authorities are willing to go in order to debauch our youth.

Every day seems to multiply the unrest now so obviously present in the liberal churches of this country over what is called the "Order of Service" in public worship. This "Order of Service" in such churches comes, of course, from the past. It has been simplified, diluted, beyond all recognition of the fathers who established it in its pristine glory and authority. But it still maintains the old methods and represents the old ideas. Invocations and prayers to God, responsive readings of the Psalms, readings from the Bible and other conventional literature, hymns and chorals—these make up the substance of our attempts to express the common thoughts and aspirations of the people when they come together for a public service in a church. Now it is the revolt against these things which is today most decidedly "on." Dissatisfaction with the familiar type of hymn has long been rampant among intelligent people. Most liberal clergymen read their "lessons" quite as freely from secular or extra-Biblical sources as from the Old and New Testament. Now we hear of churches which are dropping responsive readings. The humanist school of ministers is almost unanimous in repudiating altogether the process of prayer. All of which expresses profound unrest! But, everything else aside, we find ourselves greatly disquieted by the fact that so little is being done in a constructive way to create or fashion something new to take the place of the old. For we are convinced that, as long as people come publicly together for purposes of common expression of ideals, they will demand a common language in which they can speak their common thoughts and express their common emotions. Dr. Slaten, late of the West Side Unitarian Church, has produced a modest collection of "Aspirations," as he calls them, for public worship. Mr. Holmes, of the Community Church, has prepared a volume of responsive readings drawn from the works of "great authors." We hear that Curtis A. Reese has in preparation a humanist hymnal. The Ethical Culturists have done much in the utilization of music. But all these ventures are imitative, substitutionary. There is nowhere any sweeping reform which attempts a new creation in this field of public worship. Are we spiritually palsied that we cannot fashion our own forms of religious life? Or is the time not ripe for the change we seek?

Education, The Defense Mechanism of the Blunderer

We are all at it, "educating" the young. The Power Trust and the churches. The Cotton Milltowners of Tennessee and the Sunday Schools. The Boy Scouts and the Young Pioneers. We are all seeking to use the children and young people for our particular ends or to cram them with our particular isms. The pity is not that there is so great a revolt of youth, but rather that there is so little. No, that does not accurately express the outstanding social desideratum of and for youth. There ought not to be any revolt of youth. Youth ought not to be compelled to save its soul by damning it. For, that is the alternative. A generation which has been forced into revolt is branded; it has suffered a spiritual twist from which it can never wholly recover. This is the real tragedy of our blundering.

Perhaps the new psychology will bring us out of the slough. It will not, to be sure, until it has dissipated its present self-consciousness and cockiness. It cannot save the community until it has saved itself. But its own youth is promising. When it has fulfilled its own logic it will show all of us how foolish we are.

The most distressing feature of the present situa-

tion is the all but universal conviction that the way to safeguard the future is to maul and cram and lecture and cozen the young, who, we are feverishly conscious, must make the future. There are certain purely malignant forces preying upon the young, but for the most part the mischief is inspired by pure motives. We sincerely want the future to be good. We want the young to do well, to do better than we have done, to produce a better society. And our fundamental error lies in not realizing that example is worth ten thousand times more than precept. The chief business of the present adult generation is not to lecture the young into the avoidance of the mistakes of the present and the past, but rather an unfaltering and intelligent address to the social problems of its own time.

It does not suffice to say that the young need to be let alone to shift for themselves. But it is manifestly true that the oncoming generation suffers from overmothering, from false pedagogy, from decadent social psychology. Our zeal for child culture is largely an adult defense mechanism. We are trying to excuse our own muddling and neglect and ignorance. The best service we can render the oncoming generation is to pass on to them a good society; to crowd them into "good" schools will not suffice. The passion of our generation for education will doubtless be discerned by the discriminating historian of the future to be our excuse for lethargy and lack of courage in tackling our own social problems. Certainly an intelligent succeeding generation will thank us more for cleaning up our own social mess than for the gaudy trappings with which we equip the schools and colleges into which we herd them.

Talk to any alert school principal or superintendent, and encourage him to talk back out of his heart. You will find him outraged by the propaganda which he is forced to embody in the school curriculum. He knows what a fatally false psychology this is. The pressure from various types of "interests" is so severe, to put this "principle" in the course of study, that "idea," and some other pet doctrine,—often mutually antagonistic and all of them false to what he knows to be the true purpose and technique of education,—that he is forced into being a cynic or a rebel, in sheer self-defense. In either case he well knows he is less the true educator.

Of course we must have schools, and we can save our consciences only by providing the best which money and brains will supply. There is no occasion to deplore any of the present prodigious expenditures for education. On the economic side we err in niggardliness rather than in extravagance. Our crime is spiritual. We are attempting to rob the young of their right to make their own society in their own day. We are plotting to control that society by our rigid propaganda in the schools and in the widespread promotion of "causes."

We are feebly arousing to the evils of the dead hand in the control of economic resources. Several of our big philanthropists are specifying in their grants to "charity" and social welfare that principal as well as interest shall be exhausted within a narrow limit of years. But attempts of the dead mind to control the spiritual destinies of the future are not resisted.

The grasping southern textile mill owner who squeezes his profits out of the emaciated bodies of little children is a moral monster, though he is usually held in high honor in his community nevertheless. Often he is an absentee, and the community which honors him and upon which he lavishes his benefactions knows but vaguely the methods by which he attains his opulence. Sometimes he lives in the very community where his fell exploitation is wrought, and is yet not without repute. But his work is crude and brutal. A discriminating society is beginning to murmur against him, and lifts a voice here and there to rob him of his traditional honors.

His soft-voiced wife or daughter often teaches Sunday School class,—elsewhere usually, not often in the mill town among the mill population. The children who attend upon her instructions are well-dressed and well-fed. But in most Sunday Schools she is carrying on under the acclaimed proprieties when she fills the children's minds with impossible stories of ancient and present-day ethical achievements. She enunciates ethical precepts which are repudiated by the economic system which feeds and clothes her and provides her with her social prestige. She "puts over" on her charges maxims of conduct and "principles" of action which they must find scorned by conventions of the society into which they are soon to pass. A sense of unreality pervades our whole system of ethical teaching. The child completes his "education" having been subjected to fairy tales, a false piosity and forced propaganda at every stage in his progress through the "system."

Impoverishing child bodies for gain is monstrous, but far more subtle and often more spiritually disastrous are our methods of religious and civic training. And we are all at it; let none of us doubt his complicity. The "red" thinks he has discovered a plot into which the mill-owner and his wife or daughter have entered. Churches are declared to be organized to support the unholy practices of capitalistic industry and finance. Most of these charges are ridiculous. But, in any case, the radical pot is quite as black as the capitalistic kettle. The radical is at it also. He, too, is "educating." He is cramming his youngsters with his "doctrines." He is training them to shout formulas which are meaningless to them now, and which many will later repudiate. He is putting over his pet

ism upon his youth with an ardor which the complacent capitalist can never attain. The ethical realities are as monstrously distorted under his ministrations as they are by the "kept" schools and the subsidized press. His only justification is that by committing another wrong he may correct or at least combat the first. Which is intellectual as well as moral delusion.

Important as is the education of the young, adult education is the crying spiritual need of our day. That and the will to save our own society before we presume to domineer over the society of our children. We oldsters know too much which is not true to make good teachers of our children. We take frightful risks in our propaganda because we have not attained the successful social experience which may qualify us to propagate our ideas. We may serve the oncoming generation best by supplying them with the technique of learning, allowing them to discover its substance for themselves. We do not know enough to teach what we are now pretending to teach. The evils rampant in our dealings with the young finally spring not from such crude blunders as child labor but from the false psychology, the false religion, the false ethics, the false social technique through which we seek to impose our stubborn ignorance upon our youth.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

The Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, of Springfield, Massachusetts, has recently installed a stained-glass window, in which Lindbergh is the chief figure. It is dangerous to crown saints before they are dead. But it must at least be said that here is one church which is not afraid to be up-to-date.

We are glad to see so powerful a paper as the *Christian Century* coming to the defense of the much maligned "church lobby." Why should not there be a "church lobby"? Are the churches to have no influence upon legislation? What is happening is that the forces of unrighteousness are for the first time finding themselves confronted at the public bar by truth, and Vision—and they do not like it!

Bromberg, a town in Poland, refused some years ago to accept a legacy bequeathed to it by an American for the poor Jews of the community, on the ground that there were no such Jews. It has now decided to change its mind, and accept the money. It pays in this case, as incidentally in all cases, to recognize facts.

There is one motor car in Palestine for every 352 residents. This is not very many from the American standpoint, but it is enough to place Palestine in the sixth place in the world with regard to the number of automobiles.

If the politicians in the hotel room in Chicago in 1920 had not deliberated, Harding would not have been nominated for the presidency; if Harding had not been nominated, and elected, he would not have died in the White House; if Harding had not died in the White House, Coolidge would not have succeeded to the presidency; if Coolidge had not succeeded to the presidency, Mr. Morrow would not have become ambassador to Mexico; and if Mr. Morrow had not become ambassador to Mexico—Anne Morrow would not have met and married Col. Lindbergh! So this happy pair owe their happiness to the most corrupt gang of politicians known to modern times. What a queer world!

Is America civilized? A Kentucky jury has tried and *convicted* a 6-year old boy for manslaughter.

J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XVIII

I Meet Some Interesting People

No aspect of my trip was more exciting than the contacts which I enjoyed with interesting and important people. I met all the Zionist leaders, and by many was granted the honor of intimate and confidential relations. Arab and English leaders were also among those who favored me with their consideration. To name all the friends whom I encountered on this visit to Palestine would be impossible. I mention here a few who may be of interest to the mixed company of UNITY readers.

The High Commissioner

At the head of all government in Palestine as the representative of the British Empire is the High Commissioner, Sir John Chancellor. This gracious and accomplished gentleman was so kind as to receive me in special audience on a certain morning; and, on the following day, to entertain me at luncheon in his home. The Commissioner had had two months' experience in the Holy Land to outmatch my two weeks, but he was still learning, and his psychology at the moment was perfectly adapted to my own.

The succession in this high office of supreme executive authority in Palestine has been interesting. Thus, the first High Commissioner was Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew, long distinguished in London for his high service in Parliament and the Liberal Cabinet. This statesman was followed in due order by Lord Palmer, one of the great soldiers of the Empire. Now comes Sir John Chancellor, a man tried and trained in imperial service, a typical proconsul of the modern British type. All are agreed, I think, that Sir John is the ablest and most experienced administrator that Palestine has had. Arabs and Jews also concur in the judgment that he is a man right-minded toward the country, eager to serve the best interests of all peoples—including the English! But I wondered if any English mind, given to the business of governing alien nations in the name of the Empire, could be expected to handle the situation existing in Palestine. In addition to the High Commissioner himself, I had conference with two Deputy Commissioners, and with other Englishmen, official and unofficial. In meeting them, I had the experience of feeling that I was meeting and talking with a single mind, and this a mind not fitted or prepared to understand the mind of the Jew in his great adventure in the homeland. The Englishman has had wide experience in imperial administration—the man of the type of Sir John Chancellor is the rarest and finest product of its kind that the world has ever known. Suavity and grace backed by that calm assurance which springs from the sense of power in England and in England's cause, represent a combination to stir the blood in admiration—and also in terror. Here is a force which has mastered the world for three hundred years, and shows to this day no sign of diminished vigor and authority. But for the first time it has met a force which has endured longer than itself, and outridden storms and perils it has never known. England is today attempting to rule the Jew—and that is a new thing under the English flag. Whether the English consuls know this or not, is one of the pressing questions of the hour. Sir John gave to me, of course, no slightest intimation of worry or concern. But I felt, and wondered if he did not feel, that all that he had learned in Africa must be unlearned in this curious land of Israel.

The Anglican Bishop

One of the best known of all Englishmen in Palestine, himself an Anglican, told me that he could not imagine why the English church should have a diocese in Jerusalem. I cannot imagine either! But the diocese is there, and is royally supported by twenty odd thousand pounds a year raised and donated by Anglican parishes. And at the head of this diocese is a bishop who in personality, culture, training, and devotion would be a worthy incumbent of a better see. Yet bishops, even in this far-away land, have their uses. Some little time ago, for example, the English Bishop was held up by brigands, and robbed of his possessions. It was not long before these brigands discovered that they had molested the wrong man. For brigandage in Palestine definitely ended with this affair. On roads patroled by a superb constabulary every traveler today is safe, very largely because a bishop "fell among thieves who stripped him of his raiment, and left him half dead."

The Bishop had invited me to tea on a Sunday afternoon. I was received by the Bishop's lady in one of the noblest and most beautifully furnished rooms it was my privilege to enter in Jerusalem. Soon we were joined by the Bishop himself, splendidly clad in his purple robe and golden cross. He proved to be a most fascinating talker, full to the brim with erudite information about the land, and frank in his penetrating and ofttimes highly amusing observations on men and events of the day. He was particuarly helpful in his survey of the problem of Arab-Jewish relations, largely because he diagnosed with acute discernment the contribution which each was making to the squabble. His trust in England as the solvent of the difficulty was impressive, all the more as here my mind instinctively shrank back from the convinced imperialism of this ecclesiastic's mind. This Bishop has served his church not only in Palestine, but in Egypt, and elsewhere. He also is a proconsul, if of the spirit rather than of the rod. Just for this reason was there something great—and fearful—about him, just as there had been about the High Commissioner. I seemed to feel Rome again, in modern garb.

Our talk rippled on with (to me) increasing fascination. I had come for a half-hour, and the second hour was nearly gone. A silent Arab servant drew the curtains of the great southern window and left us in darkness before the glowing embers of the hearth. The Bishop's purple seemed to glow as from an inner radiance of its own; his cross gleamed like a flashing star. What a charming man! What knowledge, what grace, what fine understanding of and devotion to his world! Here was the English churchman, and the English church, at their very best! No ecclesiastic myself, I saw the virtue and power of ecclesiasticism; and, dismissed at last into the falling night by my most gracious host, went away not altogether a sadder, though a wiser, man.

The Mayor of Jerusalem

I met the Mayor in his home, a typical Arab dwelling. A member of the great Moslem Nassashibi family, he was a land-owner of much wealth, and had long been prominent in the public affairs of the city. I had been told that his former loyalty to the Turk had been quickly transferred to the English, and I soon discovered why. For his Honor was a man of the world—cultured, highly intelligent, more or less cynical and disillusioned. His philosophy was obviously a refined fatalism, founded in the conviction that things happen, and men must act accordingly. The Turks had gone, and the English come! Obviously it was his business to be as loyal and useful under the one regime as the other.

I watched the Mayor, as we talked religion—a topic obviously suggested by the religious differences which beset Jerusalem, and had found their way most significantly into the Mayor's home this very afternoon. There were five of us grouped about the tea-table. The Mayor himself was a Moslem; his wife, a Roman Catholic; the Vice-Mayor, at my left, a Greek Orthodox; a friend, at my right, a Jew; and I, if I was anything, a Protestant. It was not surprising perhaps that, under such circumstances, some of us found it difficult to take religious differences and exclusive loyalties very seriously. The Mayor was a good enough Moslem, I have no doubt; but I saw no evidences of excessive piety in him, nor in any other member of our

group. Certainly the Mayor had no distrust of us because we were of other faiths. As our talk went on, I began to feel that no one of us had very much religion —or else that all of us had the only religion worth having. We at least had respect for one another, and were able to break bread together in a spirit of good-will—which perhaps is something!

Other Mayors

The Mayor of Tel-Aviv, at whose hands I received the most gracious hospitality, is of course a Jew. His fidelity to Israel got curiously mixed up in the Turkish mind during the War with sympathy for the invading English, and he and other important Jewish leaders paid the familiar price of exile and persecution. But this experience only served to strengthen him in the loyalty and love of his fellow-citizens. Mayor Dizengoff has been conspicuous in Tel-Aviv from the beginning. He saw the city's birth some twenty years ago; and very largely under his own care and guidance, he has seen it grow to its present flourishing condition. A simple, cordial, hearty man, empty of pretenses and importances, but full of kindly courtesies and warm human feelings, he was an ideal civic host. I understood at once his great usefulness in Tel-Aviv, and his popularity even among those who are opposed to him politically.

The Mayor of Haifa, Hassan Bey Shukri, was very distinctly an Arab. He received me in his office at the City Hall, carefully arrayed in his long frock coat and red fez. He had the quiet yet punctilious ceremonialism of the Eastern gentleman. The serving of the coffee was a function as reverently performed as the communion service in a Christian church. Conversation was difficult because of the barrier of language. But I understood this man—the chief magistrate of an Arab city, soon to be developed by Jewish energy and wealth into the great seaport of the land. Behind the steel grey of those steady eyes were power and pride. This man loved Haifa; he would gladly foster its development, but guard, like a sworn sentinel, its precious Arabian traditions.

"The Guardian of the Cause"

Haifa is the center of the great world faith of Bahaism. Here lives the present head of the movement, Shoghi Effendi, grandson and successor of Abdul Baha. I have long had reverence for Bahaism; number valued friends among its leaders in America; and cherish the memory of the two occasions when I met and talked with Abdul Baha on his last visit to New York. All things conspired to make me desire to meet the present "Guardian of the Cause," and Shoghi Rabany was kind enough to give me a brief interview.

The enormous responsibilities carried by this young man are not unfairly met by his education and training. As a boy, he was a student at the college at Beyrout; later he went to Baliol, at Oxford. Called in his early youth to succeed his saintly grandfather, he has given himself unremittingly to the task of his high calling. I found him very different from what I had expected. Alert, quick in his movements, with shining eyes and ingratiating smile, he was more of the executive than of the scholarly or mystical type. His conversation seemed to bear out this impression, for he talked, without any leading on my part, of the organization of Bahaism on an international scale, of the labors of directive control which fell to his lot, of his heavy correspondence with leaders in all parts of the world and of the great work to be done in drawing these leaders together into a coordinated whole. There was no reference to distinctively religious problems—no discussion of ethical and spiritual ideals such as absorbed the attention of Abdul Baha.

As I looked at Shoghi Effendi, so impeccable in his dress and manner, so perfect in his use of the English language, so zealous and full of joy in his task of leadership, I seemed to see the embodiment of that new and inevitable stage of development into which Bahaism is obviously now moving. The course of evolution is always the same—first, the period of pioneering with its heroisms and martyrdoms; then, the prophetic period, with the great teacher, or teachers, in the van; then, the period of organization, with officers, committees and churches. In Christianity this progress is represented by John the Baptist, Jesus and Paul, and then the early bishops. In Bahaism, it is represented by the Bab, Baha O'llah and Abdul Baha, and now—Shoghi Rabany. The ecclesiastical stage, in other words—the task of stabilizing, integrating, and organizing an essentially spiritual movement into a church—is now at hand. And here is a new leader—by temperament, training and experience, perfectly adapted to the work.

A Great Scholar

The name of Joseph Klausner is now known and honored wherever students of Judaism and Christianity are found. His book on Jesus was a work of vast importance. Disturbing to both Jews and Christians because of the very frankness with which it handled questions usually avoided by common consent, it wrung from both parties the tribute of earnest, often passionate attention. In my humble judgment, this book is one of a half-dozen in the flood poured forth in the wake of Strauss and Renan, which are of serious and permanent importance.

Dr. Klausner is now a member of the faculty of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. I was with him for an hour in his study in his home. We had a jolly time together—I trying to talk German and failing almost completely, he talking much better English than he believed or dared attempt. Our conversation at last transformed itself into an examination of the books which lined his shelves. With what simple, childlike, disarming delight did he show me the various editions of his great works of scholarship! How happily did he exhibit on his desk the manuscript of his own German translation of his *magnum opus* on Jesus! How did we lament together that no American publisher had been found to take his new work on Paul, now more than half done! And, as he took down from his shelves, as though he were handling some filthy object, Papini's "Life of Christ," how did we rage together at the silly success which had come to this nauseous and dishonest book! Then the dear man surprised me by showing me a bound copy of my sermons on "Judaism and Christianity," in which I had cited his work as an authority; and honored me with presenting me with a copy of one of his German pamphlets, duly inscribed with his own hand.

All great men are simple, gentle, kindly souls. Shall I ever forget how this distinguished scholar took a wandering American clergyman to his home and heart,

and made him glad! Klausner is one of the glories of Jerusalem. His presence at the University is the sign and seal that Zionism, among other things, is to continue the august tradition of Jewish learning.

A Tolstoyan

One other I would name—Nathan Hofshi, a humble man residing at Nahalal, who is living his life in consistent fidelity to the extremist type of Tolstoyan non-resistance. The rigor of this man's gospel is thoroughgoing. He applies it not only to men but to animals. Such reverence has he for life and its essential sanctity, that he will not only not slay animals, but will not even enslave them to his use. He will not work a horse, or drink the milk of a cow, or eat the honey of the bees. He must live by his own labor, and exclusively of the fruits of his toil upon the land! Love is of course his law, and the practise of this love a discipline which must extend to the whole animal creation.

Like every man of the kind whom I have ever met, Nathan Hofshi was all sweetness of life. There was a certain pathos in his countenance—a shadow of seriousness which seemed to show that the way in which he had set his feet was no easy path. But there was not a trace of pride or censoriousness—he lived in peace and harmony with a group of persons, no one of whom accepted his far-reaching creed. In place of hardness there was gentleness—and over all a touch of patience and humility which was sublime. We talked together of his religion, and of the problems which it presented. We drifted on to Tolstoy, and Gandhi. I told him of "Bill" Simpson—and as I talked of "Bill" the shadow upon his face was lifted by an inner glow of happiness. Here was a lovely soul! Right or wrong, wise or foolish, his presence was like an angel's among men.

A Goodly Company

In other places I shall speak of Henrietta Szohl, perhaps the greatest woman in modern Jewry. I have already mentioned my beloved friend, Judah Magnes, the Chancellor of the University. In an editorial of introduction and welcome, I described our now Palestinian representative, Dr. Hans Kohn. Louis Cantor, an American Jew, head of the Department of Health under the English government, should somewhere have a chapter by himself. Mr. Bialik, poet, story-writer, publisher, leader in the renaissance of Hebrew literature, must some day be acclaimed. So also Dr. Arthur Ruppin, leading authority on the colonies and population of Palestine, and Ittamar Ben-Avi, son of Eleazer Ben Yehuda, editor and author! All these, and others, I met and know. But in no one article can I do them honor. My fitting tribute shall be paid when my whole story is duly written.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

A True Memorial Day

For the seventh successive year the Peace Heroes Memorial Society, of Cincinnati, Ohio, celebrated Memorial Day by visiting the graves of men and women who had given their lives in the world of labor for the service of the common good. The railroad worker killed in a wreck, the policeman shot on duty, the fireman burned to death in a conflagration, the linesman electrocuted on his job, the mother dead in childbirth—these as well as the soldier killed on the field of battle, are heroes to be remembered and honored. They are the heroes of peace who have toiled not to destroy but to build and have died not in hate but in love. It is these dead whom the Cincinnati Society has commemorated each year in a public service in which Catholics, Protestants and Jews, blacks and whites, rich and poor, have joined. UNITY makes report of this service each year in hopes that the story of it may be carried abroad and example may be taken elsewhere.

This year the Memorial Day address was delivered by Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, President of Antioch College:

When men pay honors to military heroes, it is not to mercenary soldiers, nor to slaves driven to battle by the lash, but to free men who have risked their lives in order that victory may come to their people. In our memorial service today, the same principle should apply. Among the men and women who lose their lives in peaceful pursuits are some who have paid the price of sheer carelessness, irresponsibility and lack of discipline. They are not heroes.

The men and women we would commemorate are those who have pursued the straight path of duty, turning not to the right nor to the left when danger threatened. These we honor. It is these who give quality and excellence to human living, whether their work be done in a blaze of glory, or in some forgotten corner.

Men often think of heroism and love of fellow man as a frail plant that would fade and die from human nature but for special supernatural support and delicate nurture. I do not believe that is the case. Altruism and brotherly love are not hothouse plants, unable to stand the wind and frost of everyday life. They are hardy growths, native to the soil of human nature. I believe they have had no special nurture of providence, but have fought their own fight and have found enduring place in human character and in society in the ruthless process of natural selection. Brotherly love and altruism survive and grow in human society because they add to the prospects of survival of any family or nation in which they exist.

Frederick Nietzche wrote of the Superman — a splendid, ruthless individual, whose dominant impulse would be the "will to power." To Nietzche this "will to power" was the most worth while human trait. He saw tenderness, sympathy and brotherly love as flaws and weaknesses in his perfect superman. That shining creature would scorn the lesser men about him. He would give no thought to their welfare. Power for himself would be his end.

Nietzche thought of himself as a forward-looking man. As a fact, in this case his face was turned backward toward the past. There are limits to hardness and ruthlessness. Consider the care of the young. Pitilessness and ruthless selfishness in the care of infancy will destroy the families in which it appears. Those families have best chance to survive in which

infancy and childhood are tenderly guarded until they can develop their own strength, in which father and mother will risk their own welfare for the safety of their children.

There is no danger that love and tender care of infancy will disappear. If it should die out in half the families of the earth, those families would become extinct, and the earth would be inherited by the families in which tenderness and unselfishness were strong.

As with parents and children, so with brothers and neighbors. Imagine two competing communities in one of which men fulfill Nietzche's definition of the superman, so far as selfishness and ruthlessness go, and in the other live in the spirit of altruism and brotherly love toward each other. Is there any doubt as to which of these communities will survive in their competition? Within the community, unselfishness, tenderness and brotherly love are sources of strength.

Consider larger units or small nations comprising millions of men. In one group suppose these units or small nations are ruthless and pitiless toward each other, while in the other group the small nations stand together in good will, forbearance and mutual service. Which group of these small nations will excel in competition? To ask the question is to answer it. The United States, consisting of forty-eight small nations, is an example of forbearance and cooperation. The countries of Central and South America, though somewhat less in total population, have not achieved cooperation to a similar degree, and their division is their weakness. Apply the same problem to the major races of men. If one of the major races can develop internal harmony, mutual confidence and mutual regard to a marked degree, then that race will surely dominate.

Where can we stop in the application of this principle? Only when we have included the whole human race within our field of mutual service and cooperation. As the nations unite in larger and larger units, those who can not unite will be subordinated. We might conceive, at last, the human race divided into two huge camps, within each of which there would be unselfishness, tolerance, brotherly love and heroic service, and yet between the two great camps there might be ruthless and bitter rivalry. Such a condition is impossible, for all intelligent men would see that their love for their neighbors could be fulfilled only by eliminating the terrors of world wide war, and by a union of forces in the brotherhood of all mankind.

I have sketched a typical development of human society only to illustrate a point. Heroism, tenderness and altruism found birth in a ruthless and cruel world because those qualities of unselfishness gave added power to the families that possessed them. Within the family some degree of altruism is inevitable. Were it eliminated a thousand times it would be born again.

The size of the group within which altruism pays has constantly grown larger. There is no limit to that growth until the group includes all mankind. We may hinder this process and add greatly to human tragedy, but its ultimate fulfillment is inevitable.

Altruism, tenderness, heroism, these are not the flowers of a hothouse plant that would die without miraculous nurture. They found their birth in a hard world. They have survived all storm and stress and weather, and the future is theirs. It was with great insight that the Christians chose the cross as the symbol of victory.

The heroes of peace we commemorate today were not fighting for a lost cause. They were the ones who felt or saw most truly the way in which mankind must travel. Theirs is the way to victory.

In the course of the service the following poems were read in tribute to the dead:

* * *

The Peaceful Brave

We hear the drum beat and the trumpet call,
And see the flag, so bright, against the sky;
The long parade, that slowly passes by
To that last meeting place, in its grey wall,
Then, on the soldier dead, the blossoms fall
A fragrant blanket. But for these who lie
Asleep in humble place—these brave, who vie
In life's hard toil is there no praise at all?

Giving of self, to serve their fellow men—
Builders, not breakers, in the house of life—
Pay you due honor to their quiet fame;
For these, wave banners, and strew blossoms, then,
For these who fall in match with daily strife,
And let these peaceful brave know honored name.

ETHEL KNAPP BEHRMAN.

* * *

Peace Heroes

A charmed sweet circle rises from this grove
Into the hallowed places of our love
To sit enthroned by virtuous deeds above
All else who strove.

Above all else who strove; for this fair strife
Came of no heated bitterness or scorn,
Came in the humble acts of which is born
The better life.

In life the risk was theirs: explorer, nurse,
Mill worker, pilot, guardian of the law,
Mother in child-birth yielding her last days,
Physician, fireman, miner in earth's maw,
Lineman in high wires; all these dared; imburse
Each with due praise.

Imburse each with due praise; no wild Valkyr
Rose through red skies with heroes to their rest
Who leave the world such honor in bequest
As these leave here.

These had no truce or armistice; they gained
By their own lives much good that will not cease;
By their own loss was our defense maintained;
God rest their souls who battled well in peace.

WILLIAM S. WABNITZ.

Steeds of Pain

Tracking my footprints year by year,
Then from the dark like pursuing dreams,
Mounted minstrels come with their cheer
Searching me out, it seems.

Where do you hail from, minstrel crew?
And why do you come in search of me?
"Out of your working days we grew,
We were there but you did not see.

Study and labor brought you peace—
Peace of the mind, the unfeeling brain;
Now we are come for your heart's release
Mounted on steeds of pain."

ANN BULLARD.

The Study Table

Anthropological

The *New Science Series*,[1] published in this country by W. W. Norton and Company, is an effort to popularize the latest discoveries in science. The volumes are small, neat, and uniform in style and price. Five of the numbers are before us. "Types of Mind and Body" is by an English clinical psychologist. Today we are strangely torn by the experts. A recent aptitude tester has asserted that we can tell nothing of a man by his looks; and here a clinical psychologist brings us back to the idea that we can. We wish that our author had been a little more detailed and definite and somewhat simpler in his language. With all the recent talk about glands and their influence we do not seem to be much further along than people were when they classed men according to *humors*. The term *sanguine temperament* seems to us about as good as the new *pyknic*. Our author claims that three elements enter into the making up of types—anatomy, physiology, psychology. He does not put it just that way. He says: "The amalgamation of the constitutional and the conditional represents the Corporeal Complexion of the organism at the time of investigation. Including with this the Psychological Presentation of the organism, we have the total Personality." He considers separately morphology—the psychological background and the physiological aspect. In a fourth chapter he discusses cross-currents, which introduce conflicting characteristics and give ground for uncertainty. A portrait of Verlaine represents the *pyknic*, one of Baudelaire the *asthenic*, one of John Bunyan shows cross-currents.—William Morton Wheeler contributes "Emergent Evolution and the Development of Societies." The term emergent evolution is so nearly technical, that he starts out with definition and illustration. In the course of evolution every now and again there emerges something new, something additional to the mere sum of elements already recognized. The stock illustration is water. We are familiar with chemical combinations. They take place constantly and in all sorts of relations, but we always see that the result is in a sense the mere sum of the components. But given H and O in proper proportions, and water results, a combination startlingly different and with new qualities—it is much more than the mere sum of its elements. We become acquainted with many curious and complex chemical combinations, but at a certain points we find a given combination always accompanied by *life*, an emergent that gives rise to a world of new phenomena. So *mind* may be considered an emergent. Wheeler, who has devoted many years to the study of animal societies, especially those of ants, considers *society* as an emergent. Any society, whether animal or human, is a new phenomenon, more than and different from the mere sum of its parts. The idea is interesting and is well worked out and presented. Some interesting thoughts regarding human society are expressed. Thus, our civilization shows distinct regressive development—

> We can hardly fail to suspect that the eventual state of human society may be something like that of the social insects—a society of very low intelligence combined with an intense and pugnacious solidarity of the whole.

Two of the volumes are by Bronislaw Malinowski, one of the younger school of anthropologists, professor in the University of London. He has done important field work in Melanesia. In these books he approaches his subjects from the point of view of his island blacks. In the *Myth* book, he criticizes the usual definitions and viewpoint. His idea may be summarized:

> Myth fulfils in primitive culture an indispensable function: it expresses, enhances, and codifies belief; it safeguards and enforces morality; it vouches for the efficiency of ritual and contains practical rules for the guidance of man. Myth is thus a vital ingredient of human civilization; it is not an idle tale, but a hard-worked active force; it is not an intellectual explanation or an artistic imagery but a pragmatic charter of primitive faith and moral wisdom.

Malinowski found three kinds of stories among his Melanesians—the folk tale, the legend and the myth. The classification is theirs, not his. They call them *kukwanebu, libwogwo* and *liliu*. The author gives examples of each, puts them in their setting and shows how they form a significant part of native life.—In his other book, he presents the practices and beliefs of the Trobrianders regarding sex and reproduction. He says:

> If these beliefs as to procreation and reincarnation be studied in their bearing upon the organization of kinship, their importance becomes potent. My first conviction is that the ignorance of paternity is an original feature of primitive pyschology, and that in all speculations about the origin of Marriage and the evolution of Sexual Customs we must bear in mind this fundamental ignorance.

The fifth of these little books, "Culture: the Diffusion Theory," is a presentation by four well-known writers of this much disputed question. Two of the authors represent England, two the United States. Elliott Smith and Spinden represent somewhat extreme views; Malinowski and Goldenweiser intermediate ideas. Malinowski's presentation is the most interesting; Goldenweiser's, the best balanced. There was a time in American science, when a man dared not suggest diffusion of culture. Today most students find room for both ideas, diffusion and independent development. They admit that diffusion occurs, has always occurred, but that many ideas and practices may have originated independently in widely separated areas. Each case of identity or convergence in separated regions is an independent problem to be settled after careful consideration of both possibilities.

Today the movie picture talks. Today also the phonograph-record pictures. We have received a curious and important study of American Negro folksongs—"Phonophotography in Folk Music."[2] Its primary importance lies in the presentation and testing of a new method of study and a new musical notation. The book is written by a fellow in psychology of the University of Iowa and it carries a preface by Prof. Seashore. It reports one of the most novel investigations that has been carried out in the psychological laboratory of that institution. An instrument has there been devised, which combines the phonograph and the moving picture camera, which can make a record of the song-sound and at the same time make a light record of the sound wave. It marks a notable advance in the study of primitive music. The instrument can

1. The New Science Series. (a) Types of Mind and Body, E. Miller. (b) Emergent Evolution and the Evolution of Society, William Maton Wheeler. (c) Myth in Primitive Psychology, Bronislaw Malinowski. (d) The Father in Primitive Psychology, Bronislaw Malinowski. (e) Culture, G. Elliott Smith and others. New York: 1927-8—W. W. Norton and Co. 16 mo. $1.00 each.

2. Phonophotography in Folk Music. American Negro Songs in New Notation. Milton Metfessel. Chapel Hill: 1928. University of North Carolina Press. 8 vo. pp. x.181. $3.00.

be built in compact and portable form suitable for field-work. Dr. Seashore sums the matter up in this way:

> Among the advantages of this method of recording are, first, that it produces a magnified and permanent record showing minute details in terms of which we may render a full account of the song, even to the minutest characteristics of emotional expression, because everything that the singer conveys to the listener in music is conveyed on the sound-waves, and this record furnishes us a reasonably adequate picture of the successive sound waves. In the second place, this furnishes us the basis for a scientific terminology descriptive of musical performance, which is now greatly needed to clear away the rubbish of current musical, literary, and even anthropological description of music in terms of undefined concept. In the third place, with these full data available, it is possible to introduce a new notation combining the scientific, graphic method, with a modified musical staff in a way that will show details in a form that has musical significance. In the fourth place, for future recording expeditions we can eliminate the phonograph and take the direct photograph from the living voice in singing or instrument in playing.

To show the possible capabilities of the new instrument and method, a study was made of American Negro folk music. The study was made both from real singing and from phonograph records already made and on the market. Heretofore it has been impossible, with the standard notation, to adequately write down primitive and folk music either from direct hearing or from phonograph records. By the new method a satisfactory notation has been developed. James Weldon Johnson once said:

> In addition, there are curious turns, and twists and quavers and the intentional striking of certain notes just a shade off the key, with which the negro loves to embellish his songs. These tendencies constitute a handicap that has baffled many of the recorders of this music. I doubt that it is possible with our present system of notation to make a fixed transcription of these peculiarities that may be absolutely true; for in their very nature they are not susceptible to fixation.

Dr. Metfessel studies a selected series of phonophotograms in detail. They show a wide range of emotion. They are reproduced in the text and carefully analyzed and studied. The technique of handling and interpreting the records is given. Surely the emotional content of music is here bared as never before. The characteristic elements are taken up one after another and the way in which each appears in the record is brought out. Vibrato, clipping, wavers, falsetto twist and all the others are unmistakably recognizable in the record. Dr. Metfessel can justly say, in response to Johnson's statement:

> The personal decorations of primitive folk are no more tangible than the ornaments of voice, when the latter are brought out by phonophotography. The ornaments appealing to the hearing of their fellows may now be displayed in our museums alongside the appeals to sight.

No wonder that Prof. Seashore makes an urgent appeal for the collection of records of native and primitive music, *now;* soon it will be too late.

The University of North Carolina is wide awake. It specializes along certain lines, one of which is the American Negro. It has an active Press, which is turning out many and excellent books. (Why should *it,* unhampered by traditions, publish a book in MCMXXVIII?) The University conducts an active and well-directed "Extension"—with special emphasis upon local conditions, needs and problems. May it keep up the good work. Elizabeth Lay Green's "The Negro in Contemporary American Literature"[3] is an outline for individual and group study. It is a guide into a field of extraordinary interest. Miss Green justifies the separation of the Negro for such a study by saying:

> Only by isolating this particular material from the body of American literature can we come to a deeper understanding and appreciation of the Negro's place in our national life. The study course outlined here has no sociological aim other than the sympathy coincident with any recognition of artistic attainment.

The outline represents a considerable labor. It falls into four parts—poetry, drama, fiction, criticism. Fourteen subjects are outlined. Of the four fields the Negro has figured least as a producer in drama. His largest contribution has been to poetry. Miss Green has done her work thoroughly and with a keen personal interest. Not the least important part of the book is the bibliographical section where, not only is a liberal reference made to books, but also a copious magazine directory is given.

The Open Court Publishing Co. has brought out a curious study of the miracle of walking on water.[4] Best known to us from the New Testament instances, it occurs also in various forms in Indian literature. William Norman Brown, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Pennsylvania, makes the study, with the question in mind whether the stories in the two cases are independent, or whether the Christian story is derived from the certainly older Indian tales. He first examines the miracle as it is narrated in Indian literature; then as it occurs in the New Testament; he then applies a rigid method of comparison. He believes the two sets of stories to be genetically related and that the Indian are the older. A quotation will show his attitude and mode of treatment.

> Let us summarize the leading coincidences between the two legends. Both illustrate the miraculous idea of walking on the water; both use it to illustrate the efficacy of faith; both show two principal actors, namely, the disciple who has faith and the master on whom the faith rests; both show the faith operative, then inoperative in consequence of defection. The only important difference is that in the Buddhist tale the disciple renews his faith and restores the miracle, in the Christian he does not; and this dropping off of an element is easily explicable as due to oral breaking down of the tradition, perhaps within the Christian community itself, before it reached the author of the Gospel according to Matthew. In this long train of parallel incidents, some of which are most rare, indeed practically unheard of otherwise before this time, there is an abundance of reason for considering the two legends genetically connected.

Son of a "black abolitionist," born in the midst of the anti-slavery agitation, early impressed by inequality of existing conditions, Warren Edwin Brokaw has for more than forty years sought the method of enlarging human liberty. He says: "From that time (1881) to this my chief object in life has been to do all I can to hasten the day when *equity* shall be established." He has aimed to keep an open mind. He has championed, and abandoned when necessary, one and another cause. For more than thirty years he espoused single tax, but has left it behind. He has spent many years in producing his book, "Equitable Society and How to Create It."[5] It is an earnest appeal. He finds two things fundamental—the free gifts of nature and human labor. The former belongs to no one, free to all; the latter belongs to the man who exerts it. As

3. The Negro in Contemporary American Literature. Elizabeth Lay Green. Chapel Hill: MCMXXVIII. University of North Carolina Press. 8vo. pp. 94. Boards, $1.00; paper, 50c.

4. The Indian and Christian Miracles of Walking on Water. William Norman Brown. Chicago: 1928. The Open Court Publishing Co. 8vo. pp. vi. 76. $2.00.

5. Equitable Society and How to Create It. Warren Edwin Brokaw. New York: 1927. Vanguard Press. 16 mo. pp. ix. 365. $1.00.

land is the chief of the gifts of nature, the word land is here used to include everything that nature offers —water, minerals, etc. A man is entitled to the product of his labor. Ownership of land (all natural resources), holding it for individual advantage against others, is inequitable. Interest is inequitable. Our system of currency is unjust and works injustice, because a dollar contains not only human labor, but nature's gift. Land must be deprived of value not earned by labor. Currency should be checks representing hours of human labor. Nothing which cannot be individual, can be collective. If individual ownership of land is unjust, collective ownership would be equally so. If ownership is fundamentally wrong, Taxation (recognizing it) is equally wrong. If land values were lost and a proper currency established, the pecuniary incentive would disappear and the merit incentive would come into play. Somewhat such is Brokaw's argument. He has found fellow laborers. There is an Equitist League with headquarters at Phoenix, Arizona. It prints a weekly journal *The Equitist,* aimed at the abolition of privilege. Equitists do not aim at a remaking of society by violence, but through a campaign of education.

FREDERICK STARR.

Correspondence

In the Wrong Pew

Editor of UNITY:

I thank you for the sample copy of UNITY which you sent me. I am not subscribing to your magazine, and thought your might be interested in knowing why. I understand from the title page that it is a religious magazine, and when I found an article by the Editor-in-Chief, I read it to learn something of his character. But I find that he uses language which would shock our family circle, so I do not care to cultivate his literary acquaintance, much less look to him for religious leadership.

As to opinions, of course your writers are entitled to say what they please, but you can hardly expect subjects of the British Empire to be enthusiastic supporters of a magazine containing remarks such as some I have marked.

I am enclosing clippings so that you may see the items I have in mind.

As an advocate of freedom and democracy, I presume you desire expressions of opinion such as this.

ELVEN J. BENGOUGH.

McMaster University,
Toronto, Canada.

[Note: Our readers will be interested in knowing the passage written by the Editor-in-Chief which so offended our correspondent. It is the closing passage of his "Items from a Traveler's Notebook" (No. 12, published in the issue of UNITY for April 29 last). The passage indicated by Mr. Bengough follows, with the objectionable passages underlined.—EDITOR.]

It was the cool of the evening when we left the train at the Suez Canal—and met one more adventure.

"Is this Dr. Holmes," said a tall man in handsome uniform, marked with a badge, "Palestine Police."

"My God," I gasped to myself. *"Arrested!* Have I been saying something foolish, or doing something forbidden? Or have they found me out for what I am—a pacifist, a 'red,' and a dangerous citizen generally. *Arrested!!"* But I pulled myself together, and faced the music.

"Yes," I said, as casually as possible. "I'm Mr. Holmes. What's up?"

"I'm Lieut. Best," replied the officer. "Chief of the British post here! I have instructions to take personal charge of you and your party, see you safely through customs, and do anything else I can to serve your comfort and convenience."

Well—here was a change of weather! The whole darned British Empire at my disposal for the crossing of the Canal into Egypt! I began to breathe again!

Getting over this frontier was the easiest thing I ever saw in my life. We went through the customs like greased pigs. Lieut. Best escorted us to his private boat, and had his men row us to the opposite shore. In the train for Cairo, everybody stood aside while we were placed by ourselves in the best compartment. For the first time in my life, I found myself believing in the British Empire. Then —horrible thought! Wasn't this what England—and America!—were always doing to aliens? *Escorting them out of the country?* By the sacred codfish and the golden dome—DEPORTED, and I never knew it!

In the Right Pew

Editor of UNITY:

. . . I want such paper as your copy of April 29 exhibits. Is it always thus? I note John Haynes Holmes' "Items from a Traveler's Note Book" is numbered on this XII. How far back can you give me these papers? I am enclosing $3.00. Let it give me as far back and as long into the future as conscience permits. A new magazine positively makes a burden on time, brain and pocketbook.

E. W. JENKINS.

Dover, Del.

Questions for Dr. Sunderland

Editor of UNITY:

In your issue of April 29th, last, Mr. J. T. Sunderland said that Humanism without God is "limited, incomplete" and Humanism with God is "whole and complete."

Will Mr. Sunderland please tell us what more complete it is he has that he calls by the word "God" than we have and call by their real names?

I mean if Mr. Sunderland is so eager to put some of us in our place and expects us to keep it, isn't it only fair that he tell us *specifically* where it is; otherwise, how can we help getting out of it?

For instance, will Mr. Sunderland tell us why he thinks that the grandeur and beauties of Nature and the mysteries of life are "larger and richer" when they are spelled in a word of three letters, especially when that same word may mean a supernatural degenerate being who everlastingly torments people in Hell?

We are just as eager as Mr. Sunderland is to be in the "larger" place and we think we are there because we have a Humanism without God. We choose this partly for the reason that the word "God" may stand for so many different ideas and some Jews who listen regularly to Mr. Dietrich have learned among other things that life becomes increasingly "larger and richer" and more worthwhile as it becomes more definitely defined.

Why does Mr. Sunderland think that we of the Godless Humanism are "smaller" because we do not want to forever keep to words of one syllable?

Probably the ancient Greeks from Jove themselves they could not free; but what advantage did that give them over the present?

Will Mr. Sunderland please give us a more definite reason why his religion is "richer" than ours?

With sincerest interest,
(MISS) MARY BABCOCK ABBOTT.

A Correction from Jerusalem

Dear Mr. Holmes:

I got today the UNITY of April 8, and I was touched by your way of introducing me to your readers. I shall do my best to live up to your expectations. . . .

I find one little error on page 89 (in the "Items from a Traveler's Note-Book"): the Technicum in Hiafa was founded not by Germans, but by an association of German Jews and taken over by the Zionist Organization.

I find UNITY always full of lively interest.

HANS KOHN.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

All Souls Unitarian church of Schenectady was the generous host of the eastern regional meeting of the National Federation of Religious Liberals May 17-19. Rev. Charles Snyder, executive chairman of the Federation, and the Rev. Ernest Caldecott, minister of the local church, arranged the program which challenged the mind and held the interest unabated from the opening round table with Prof. Larrabee, head of the philosophical department of Union college, to the closing meeting Sunday night, at which Dr. Curtis Reese brought his message of world unity to a climax in the story of his recent contact with the Brahmo-Somaj.

Prof. Larrabee led the round table meeting through one of the befogging mazes of current philosophical gropings: the attempt to put time in its place. He called his paper "The Discovery of Time and Its Relation to Religion." He mercifully provided a typed outline of his lecture, by which we were eased through the "Crude Perceptual Time" where time is perceived through the succession of events, the "Formation of the Concept of Absolute Time," for Sir Isaac Newton, a much better physicist than a philosopher, was responsible for the present attitude slowly forming the last twenty or at most thirty years—what might be called the "Relativity of Time." Once "Absolute Time" is abandoned, with it departs all absolutes and the death knell of all theological dogmas sounds. The practical problem confronting the institution of religion is to engender a devotion to ideals which may in the course of a generation yield to others, realizing that none can be asserted eternally and absolutely right and true. It may take more and higher faith to live life under this philosophy than under the old, but it must be done.

The Women's Alliance served supper both Friday and Saturday nights to the out-of-town delegates. On Friday night the Reformed Jewish Temple welcomed the conference. After which Rabbi Rosen conducted the service of worship and extended greetings to the conference, Mr. Alfred W. Martin, leader of the Ethical Culture society of New York, made a most earnest plea for the ideals of religious unity but "not uniformity" based upon "co-ordination of the subordinated parts of the whole, of which together, each performing its own function, the unified whole consists." Using the tree in most effective illustration, he said: "Neither root, branch, leaf nor blossom esteeming itself the whole nor scorning the importance of others—all together making the tree."

Rabbi Lyons of Brooklyn joined words of wit and wisdom to provoke these divided and seeming hostile Christians to end the shame of continued Christian competition and warfare. A union of all religious forces is

You will enjoy the poems of passion and prophecy in

CHILDREN OF FIRE and SHADOW

the latest book by

LUCIA TRENT

Author of *Dawn Stars*

Regular Edition, $2.00
De Luxe Edition, $4.00

Robert Packard & Company
Publishers
15 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

The School World Friendship League

Editor of UNITY:

In the great movement for peace that is encircling the world, one manifestation which makes a special appeal to me is the School World Friendship League founded by Helen S. Evans of Brawley, California.

Mrs. Evans is a public school teacher of Brawley and has Mexican children, as well as American, for pupils, as the town is so near the Mexican border that many of its residents are Mexicans. Her understanding of the need for friendship between children of different nationalities, if peace is to endure, led to the formation of this League for school children of all ages.

Gradually Mrs. Evans has succeeded in enlisting the interest of the adults till not only the parents of the children, but leading citizens including business and professional men support the enterprise. In fact, an adult "unit" has been formed. Even the editor of the Brawley *News*, hitherto apparently indifferent, has experienced a change of heart and is aiding the cause, for he recently published an editorial in which he said:

"Brawley has licit cause for pride in being the nativity city of the School World Friendship League.

"This organization provides the working machinery for giving effectiveness to the vaguely formulated but increasingly insistent demand of the new age. It is not to be wondered at that to Brawley has come the honor of having our organization made worldwide through adoption as branch of the activities of the World Federation of Education, whose contacts include half of the world's teachers. For the School World Friendship League supplies the program which is education's need of the hour. . . .

"School books aren't written nowadays in their former slavish servility to militarism. But inertia retains in them even yet an undue proportion of 'blood and thunder.' Two years of war which retards progress is given more space than 10 years of peace which advances it. Histories, not newspapers, are the flagrant offenders in exploiting crime news. . . .

"It would be comedy, were it not poignant tragedy, when a teacher says: 'Sammy! You march right up to the desk with the horrible book about a pirate who killed a couple of men, and go to studying about the general who killed a couple of hundred thousand!' . . .

"Without offering any criticisms, the movement mothered by a Brawley teacher of pupils of an alien hue gives to her sister teachers throughout the world a complete program of lessons, observances, and activities which glorify peace."

Mrs. Evans' latest desire in connection with the League is to have a friendship monument erected on Mt. Signal which stands on the border line, partly in Mexico and partly in California. I thought the readers of UNITY would like to know about this so will present the project in Mrs. Evans' own words in a recent letter to me: "I am enclosing a view of Mt. Signal which stands half in Mexico and half in the United States. This is the proposed site of the children's friendship monument to be erected by children's offerings and offerings of grown-ups who love children and want to see friendship and peace between all the children of the United States and Mexico and all the world. We have started a fund in our school. The first contribution was a *little carrot* brought to me by a little Mexican girl who felt grateful to me for what I had done for her eyes. I told the children that there was no monument expressing friendsihp between the children of the United States and Mexico and they wanted to help it on. So they have brought contributions of lettuce, prunes, carrots, oranges, dates, etc. All are reckoned as to their money value and strict account kept."

Will mothers and teachers (and others who care) who read this try to interest their children and pupils so they will send small contributions? Even a few cents, or a dime, will be gladly received and appreciated. If acknowledgment is desired a postal card—addressed—should be enclosed.

So far as I am aware there are only two monuments to peace in the world, both in the Western Hemisphere; one in the Andes between Chile and Argentina and the other the Peace Portal on the boundary line between Canada and our country. By helping this project to completion, we shall possess a third monument to peace in our half of the world and shall have added materially to the peace concept.

"Peace is the natural result of right thinking and right doing," is Mrs. Evans' beautiful and penetrating definition. If this were known in every household and learned by every child, can we grasp the extent of its influence on the minds and hearts of all?"

Brookline, Mass. LYDIA WENTWORTH.

imperative to bring in the day of brotherhood, the goal which above all things should in this day be evident as supreme in its claim upon all religions. The Gates of Heaven Temple was crowded for this meeting. Thus, with the service of ancient Israel, the idealism of the ethical culturalists and others springing from the Christian tradition, a practical demonstration of a possible cooperative venture was given.

On Saturday afternoon Prof. Mark Mohler of Skidmore college and the Unitarian fellowship read a paper, "The History and Relations of Protestant Religion and Politics." The conclusion of the speaker that while in the past Protestantism has at times, happily gone, sought political preferment solely to advantage the ecclesiastical organization, it is today inevitable that the Protestant must seek to use political power to defend and advance the cause of right.

The evening meeting brought to the platform of All Souls Church the rare combination of a Unitarian chairman with Dr. Charles O. Judkins, for twenty-eight years pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of Glens Falls, N. Y., who in this inland city has built one of the most remarkable religious institutions in the country. From that pulpit he has become a spokesman of Liberalism, upon whom the ecclesiastical potentates may frown but dare not molest, so acceptable have his liberal interpretation of religion been to his followers.

The Rev. C. H. Emmons represented the Universalist fellowship, generously substituting at short notice for Dean J. Murray Atwood, prevented by the illness of his son in California from presenting his paper on "Helps and Hindrances in Securing a United Liberalism." Dr. Emmons of Washington gave a paper filled with hope of a future freed from the ecclesiastical antipathies, bequeathed by passing dogmas, which carried the seeds of their own destruction.

Sunday morning witnessed a dispersion of the saints, with Dr. Reese preaching at the Unitarian church in Troy, Mr. Snyder preaching at the Unitarian-Universalist church in Albany, while Dr. Snow delivered the sermon at a union service of the Gates of Heaven Temple and All Souls Unitarian church in the edifice of the latter.

The conference concluded with a platform meeting Sunday night. Dr. Curtis Reese, president of Lombard college, brought his impressions of the religious conditions in India, particularly as reflected in Brahmo Somaj, in that movement attempting to foster the modern spirit in a land so predominantly traditional.

Delegates from Rochester, Albany, Troy and regions immediately about Schenectady were in attendance. It was felt that a more intimate knowledge of the work and aim of the Federation served to kindle new interest and to enlist added support for a movement whose consummation is remote. That fact, however, will be determined by the loyalty of those to whom the vision of a united world is a call to make the vision real.

WILLIAM W. PECK.

EINSTEIN SATISFIES THE ORTHODOX

Unfortunately, Einstein's own statement about his belief in God, candid and clear as the statement is, will probably do no more than add fuel to the flames of the controversy, which is now engaging an ever-widening circle of spectators and contributors. Certainly it cannot be anticipated that the statement will satisfy Cardinal O'Connell, who started the fuss—to what good purpose will forever remain a secret between the Cardinal and his God.

Einstein's statement, the readers of the "Review" probably know, was elicited by a cabled question from Rabbi Herbert Goldstein of this city, "Do you believe in God?" To this Einstein took the trouble of replying, "I believe in Spinoza's God, who reveals Himself in orderly harmony of existence, not in a God who concerns Himself with fates and actions of human beings." There is more sense in the reply than in the question, which seemed to call for a yes or no answer that would have left nobody the wiser. Nor is it caviling to point out that even the reply, unambiguous as it is, sets a bad precedent for discussion of this nature, in that it aids and abets the shallow tendency to reduce one's belief about God to a telegraphic label. The tendency satisfies the human need for labels, but it does not satisfy the profoundest need for knowledge about God.

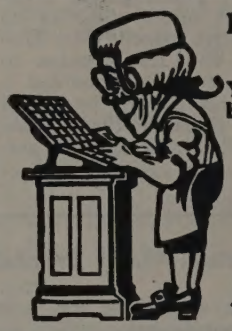
Yet no small illumination has incidentally resulted from Rabbi Goldstein's decisive entrance into the fray. The illumination is about the orthodoxy which Rabbi Goldstein represents, and the light is in this respect valuable. The God in whom Einstein declares his belief is certainly not the God of Orthodox Judaism, but Rabbi Goldstein, quite content with the reply, has evidently the intuition to perceive that the conception Einstein holds to does not rule him out of Judaism. Once it would have, and, in the case of the Jew who first conceived the idea, actually did. How different this new Orthodoxy and how much narrower its conception of what would constitute atheism!

Orthodox Christianity will be shocked by the ease with which the spectre of atheism can be laid so far as orthdox Jewry is concerned, and the incorrigible Cardinal will probably ridicule Orthodox Judaism for this treason to itself. But this will be only a lamentable failure to understand Judaism—that, even when it is Orthodox, is more guided by the will to live, including intellectual and spiritual life, than by the refusal to change.

—The S. A. J. Review.

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES
Everything in HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

PATENTS
Protect Your Idea!
Write Freely, sending Data of your Invention, for full advice.
Write for "Proof of Invention" folder mailed free.
TRADE-MARKS REGISTERED
We give genuine personal service.
Established—Experienced Twenty-nine Years
E. E. VROOMAN & CO.
165 Atlas Building
Washington, D. C.
Mention UNITY When Writing



It's a "Case" of Necessity
Your Printing will be above criticism if done by
THE OAKLAND PRESS
3913 Cottage Grove
Tel. Atlantic 1876

IN JUNE
The vacation period commences. Travel by motor, train or water, sports of many kinds, country club and resort activities make unusual demands of the wardrobe. Preparations, to be adequate, should include needed cleansing of any garment by our processes so particularly efficient and trustworthy.
Schumann & Co
Cleaners Dyers
PHONE DREXEL 0231 ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3960 Cottage Grove Avenue